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A FIRST
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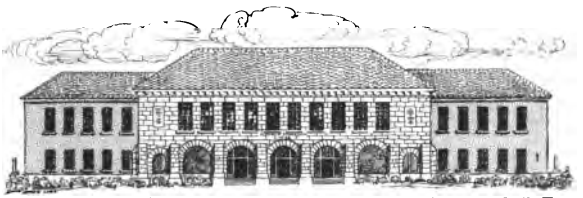

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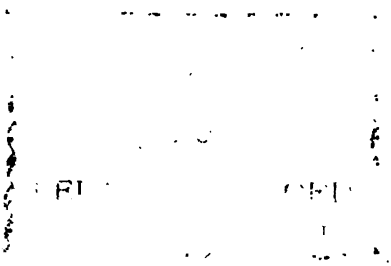

THE NATURAL METHOD READERS

A FIRST READER

BY

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DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
NOV 15 1915
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON

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B

PREFACE

THIS book, the second of the NATURAL METHOD READERS, is designed to proceed along the lines laid down in the PRIMER, and gradually to enable the pupil to gain the ability to read for himself.

The Mother Goose rhymes, which were so freely used in the PRIMER, are made the connecting link with the higher work, the simple folk myths and the other stories that make their appeal to the child six or seven years old. While the language has to be limited to the exigencies of a comparatively small but growing vocabulary, an endeavor has been made to preserve the literary flavor of folk narration.

The method is an extension of that laid down in the PRIMER. The stories can be readily dramatized. The narratives are simple and interesting, and lend themselves easily to oral reproduction by the pupils. The number of new words in a lesson is small. The phonic drills that have been developed from the words

in the PRIMER prepare the pupils to attack with confidence the words of the FIRST READER.

It is expected that matter and method will sustain the interest of the child in reading, and that not only will the ability to read be increased, but the foundation will be laid for a love for good reading.

Children should be encouraged to read aloud at home, with good expression and articulation. The expression will be improved by the consciousness of having interested listeners, and the articulation, which should be one of the results of the phonic drills, will be improved by the practice.

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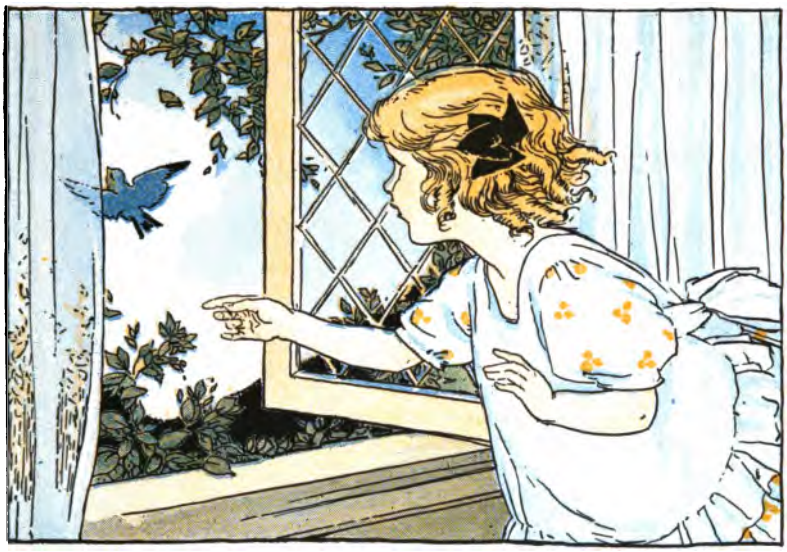


Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop.
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
And was going to the window
To say "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail
And far away he flew.

Once little Margery was sitting by the window.

There was a little bird in a tree before the house.

Soon he flew down.

He came to the window.

He began to hop along the window sill.

Margery saw the little bird.

"How do you do?" said she.

"You are a pretty little bird.

Do not fly away.

Stop and play with me."

But the little bird would not stop.

He shook his tail.

Then he flew far away.

Margery did not see him again.

Come my children, come away,
For the sun shines bright today.
Little children, come with me,
Birds and brooks and posies see.
Get your hats and come away,
For it is a pleasant day.

The sun was shining bright.

The sky was blue.

It was a fine warm day.

"Come, children," said mother,

"Get your hats on and come with me.

It is too pleasant to stay in the house."

"Where shall we go?" said Margery.

"Don't you think it would be nice to go out into the field?" said mother.

"We can sit down under a tree and hear the birds sing."

"Can't we play in the brook?" said John.

"Why, yes, if you want to."

"What fun we shall have!" said he.

"We will take off our shoes and stockings.

Then we can wade in the brook.

I shall see if I can catch a fish."

"And I shall look for pretty posies," said Margery.

THE FOX AND THE HEN

A fox found a hen sitting on her eggs.

The eggs were in a nest and the nest was in a box.

There were slats over the top of the box.

The fox wanted to eat the hen, but he could not get into the box.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hen," said he, "Is this box your home?"

"Yes, and good morning to you," said the hen.

"How do you get in and out of it?" asked the fox.

"I am very sleepy. Ask the dog," said the hen.

"I hear him coming."

The fox heard him, too, and made off as fast as he could.

THE STAR FAMILY

The moon went up to the twinkling
sky,
To see what the stars were about:
"Fair Night," quoth she, "are the
family in?"
"Oh, no, they are every one out!"

MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHICKEN LITTLE

One day Chicken Little was playing.

Something fell on her tail.

It was big.

It was hard.

Chicken Little was frightened.

Oh, said she, "The sky is falling!

I will run and tell Hen Pen."

So she ran to Hen Pen.

"Oh, Hen Pen, the sky is falling!"

"How do you know, Chicken Little?"

"I saw it with my eyes,
I heard it with my ears,
A piece of it fell on my tail."

"We will run and tell Turkey Turkey," said Hen Pen.

So they ran to Turkey Turkey.

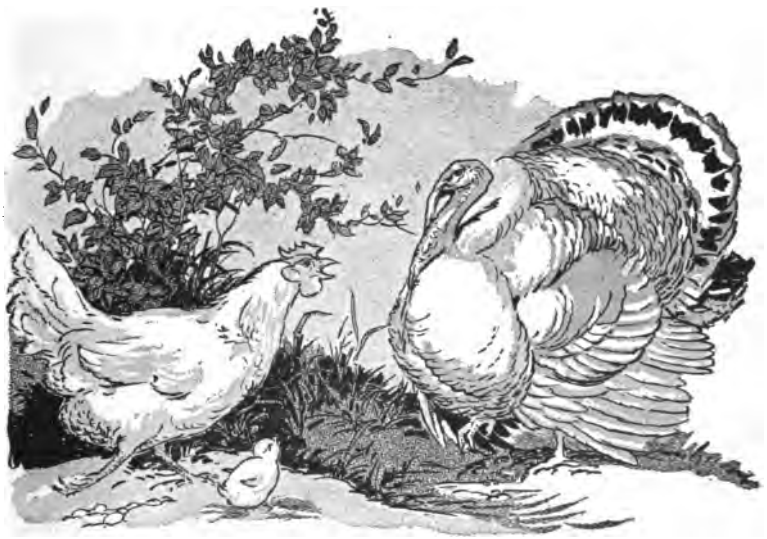
"Oh, Turkey Turkey, the sky is falling!"

"How do you know, Hen Pen?"

"Chicken Little told me."

"How do you know, Chicken Little?"

"I saw it with my eyes,
I heard it with my ears,
A piece of it fell on my tail."
"We will run and tell Foxy Foxy."
So they ran to Foxy Foxy.
"Oh, Foxy Foxy, the sky is falling!"
"How do you know, Turkey Turkey?"



"Hen Pen told me."

"How do you know, Hen Pen?"

"Chicken Little told me."

"How do you know, Chicken Little?"

"I saw it with my eyes,
I heard it with my ears,
A piece of it fell on my tail."

"Come with me," said Foxy Foxy.
"Run into my den."

So they all ran into Foxy Foxy's den and they never came out.

BOY BLUE AND MISS MUFFET

Boy Blue
Miss Muffet

Scene I

Miss Muffet: Good morning, Boy Blue, where are you going?

Boy Blue: Down to the meadow to look after the cows and sheep.

Miss Muffet: May I go with you?

Boy Blue: Yes, indeed, you may. But what have you in your basket?

Miss Muffet: A bowl of nice curds and whey. I am going to eat it for lunch. I will give you some, too, if you like it.

Boy Blue: Thank you, Miss Muffet. I like it very much.

Scene II

Boy Blue: Here we are in the meadow. There are my cows and sheep over in the field. I will sit down by the haystack and watch them.

Miss Muffet: And I will sit on this tuffet and eat my curds and whey.

(*A big spider comes down beside her.*)

Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

Boy Blue: What is it, Miss Muffet?

Miss Muffet: (*Jumping up.*) A great big spider has come down on this tuffet beside me.

Boy Blue: Don't be frightened. I will drive him off.

Miss Muffet: No, no! I am going away. (*Runs off.*)

Boy Blue: Poor Miss Muffet! Frightened by a spider! He would not hurt her. (*Lies down.*) How sleepy I am! (*Falls asleep.*)

Scene III

Miss Muffet: (*Running up to haystack.*) Boy Blue! Boy Blue! Where are you? Oh, there he is fast asleep by the haystack! Boy Blue! Boy Blue! Wake up! Wake up!

Boy Blue: (*Waking up.*) Oh, Miss Muffet, is that you? What is it?

Miss Muffet: Blow your horn, Boy Blue, blow your horn! The sheep are in the meadow. The cows are in the corn.

Boy Blue: Oh, dear! Oh, dear! That is too bad! (*Blows horn.*) Come,

Miss Muffet, help me to drive them out.

Miss Muffet: Yes, indeed, I will help you.

Little Boy Blue, blow your horn,
Drive the cows out of the corn.
You must never fall asleep,
But keep close watch over the sheep.

TWO LITTLE ROSES

One merry summer day
Two roses were at play:
All at once they took a notion
They would like to run away!
Queer little roses,
Funny little roses,
To want to run away!

They stole along my fence;
They clambered up my wall;
They climbed into my window,
To make a morning call!
Dear little roses,
Funny little roses,
To make a morning call!

JULIA P. BALLARD.

THE MOUSE'S TAIL

The cat bit the mouse's tail off.

"Please, Pussy, give me back my tail again."

"I will, if you will first bring me some milk."

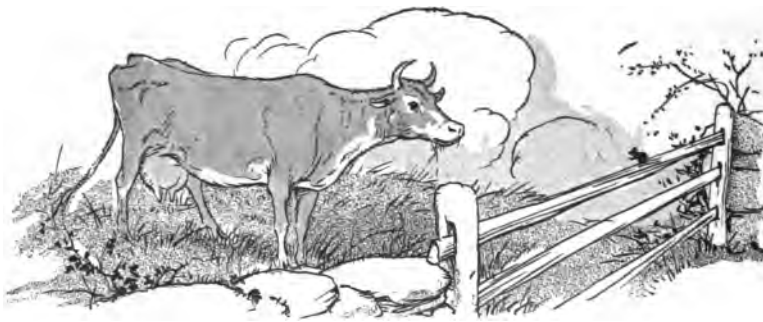
"How can I get the milk?" thought the mouse.

"I will go to the cow."

First she leaped and then she ran,
Till she came to the cow, and thus began:

"Please, cow, give me some milk to give to the cat.

Then she will give me back my tail again."



"I will, if you will first bring me some hay."

"How can I get the hay?" thought the mouse.

"I will go to the farmer."

First she leaped and then she ran,
Till she came to the farmer, and thus began:

"Please, farmer, give me some hay.
I will give it to the cow.
She will give me some milk.
I will give it to the cat, and she will give me back my tail again."

"I will, if you will first bring me some meat."

"How shall I get the meat?"
thought the mouse.

"I will go to the butcher."
First she leaped and then she ran,
Till she came to the butcher, and thus
began:

"Please, butcher, give me some meat.
I will give it to the farmer.
He will give me some hay.
I will give it to the cow.
She will give me some milk.
I will give it to the cat, and she
will give me back my tail again."

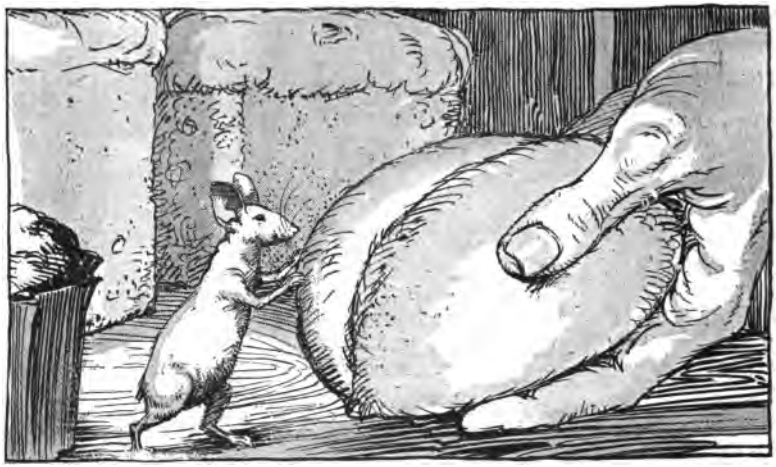
"I will if you will first bring me some bread."

"How can I get the bread?" thought the mouse.

"I will go to the baker."

First she leaped and then she ran,
Till she came to the baker, and thus began:

"Please, baker, give me some bread.
I will give it to the butcher.
He will give me some meat.
I will give it to the farmer.



He will give me some hay.

I will give it to the cow.

She will give me some milk.

I will give it to the cat, and she will give me back my tail again."

"I will, if you will say that you will never eat my fresh loaves again."

The mouse promised, and the baker gave her some bread.

She took it to the butcher, and he gave her some meat.

She took it to the farmer, and he gave her some hay.

She took it to the cow, and she gave her some milk.

She took it to the cat, and she gave her back her tail again.

BILLY'S LESSON

I

Once there was a little squirrel named Billy.

He lived away up in a big tree.

One day his mother went to look for nuts.

"While I am away do not leave the nest, Billy," said she.

"You will be nice and warm here."

"Oh, mother," said the little squirrel,
"Please let me go with you.
I want to look for nuts, too."
"Not today, Billy," said the mother squirrel.
"When you are big you may go."

II

After his mother went away Billy peeped out of the nest.

It looked very pleasant under the trees.

There were leaves all over the ground.

"I know I could find some nuts down there," thought Billy.

Then he forgot what his mother had said and ran down the tree.

First he looked for nuts.

But he did not find any.

Then he began to play with the leaves.

This was great fun.

All at once Billy felt very queer.

He looked up. There was a great hawk in the air over him.

In the ground beside him there was a hole.

Billy ran into it.

Oh, how frightened he was!

He wanted his mother.

III

For a long time Billy was too frightened to move.

Then he peeped out.

He looked all about.

The great hawk had gone.

Then he heard a noise in the leaves.

There was his mother coming home.

How good it was to see her!

"Oh, mother!" cried Billy.

"Why, Billy, how could you forget what I told you?" said she.

"I never will again," said Billy.

And he pressed close to her warm side.

R. H. Bowles.

"STOP, STOP, PRETTY WATER!"

"Stop, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary one day,
To a frolicsome brook,
That was running away.

"You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

"But I will run after:
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

So Mary ran on;
But I have heard say,
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

THE GRAIN OF WHEAT

I

The little red hen found a grain of wheat.

Oh, yes she did!

She really did.

She found a grain of wheat.

The little red hen cocked her head on one side.

She looked at the grain of wheat with one eye.

She cocked her head on the other side.

She looked at the grain of wheat with the other eye.

"This is a grain of wheat," said the little red hen.

II

The little red hen called the cat.

The cat came.

She called the goose.

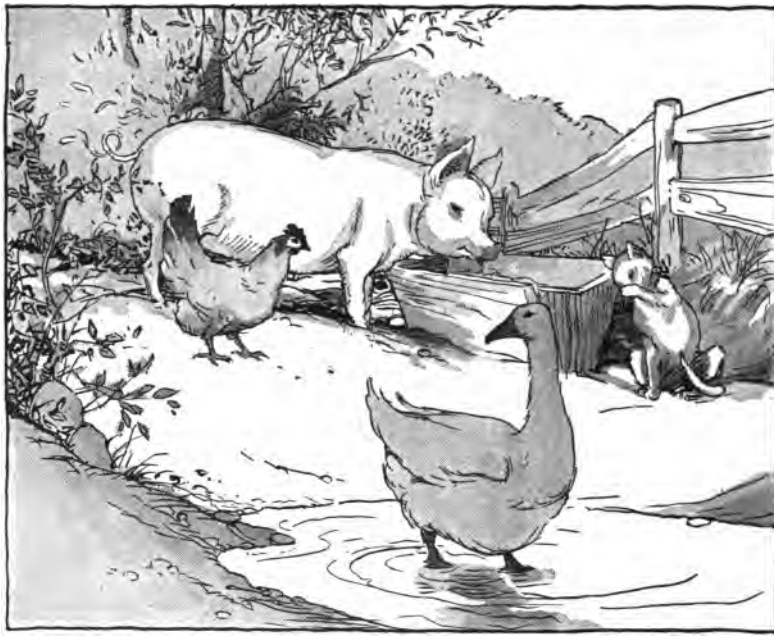
The goose came.

She called the pig.

The pig came.

"This is a grain of wheat," said she.

The cat, the goose, and the pig looked at the grain of wheat.



"Who will plant this grain of wheat?" said the little red hen.

"Not I!" said the cat.

"Not I!" said the goose.

"Not I!" said the pig.

So the little red hen planted the wheat herself.

III

When the wheat grew there were many grains.

The little red hen called the cat, and the cat came.

She called the goose, and the goose came.

She called the pig, and the pig came.

"I planted the grain of wheat myself," said the little red hen.

The cat, the goose, and the pig said nothing.

"Now it has grown," said the little red hen.

The cat, the goose, and the pig said nothing.

"Now I have many grains of wheat," said the little red hen.

The cat, the goose, and the pig looked at the wheat.

"Who will gather this wheat?" said the little red hen.

"Not I!" said the cat.

"Not I!" said the goose.

"Not I!" said the pig.

So the little red hen gathered the wheat herself.

IV

Soon the wheat was in a bag.

"Who will take this wheat to the mill?" said the little red hen.

"Not I!" said the cat.

"Not I!" said the goose.

"Not I!" said the pig.

So the little red hen took the wheat to the mill herself.

The miller ground the wheat into flour.

The little red hen took the flour home in the bag.

Then she called the cat, and the cat came.

She called the goose, and the goose came.

She called the pig, and the pig came.

"Who will make this flour into bread?" said the little red hen.

"Not I!" said the cat.

"Not I!" said the goose.

"Not I!" said the pig.

So the little red hen made the flour into bread herself.

She really did.

V

When the bread was ready, the little red hen called the cat.

She called the goose and the pig.

They all came.

She called her chicks, and the chicks came.

"I made my bread myself," said the little red hen.

The cat, the goose, and the pig said nothing.

"It is ready to eat," said the little red hen.

The cat, the goose, and the pig looked at the bread.

"Who will eat this bread?" said the little red hen.

"I will!" said the cat.

"I will!" said the goose.

"I will!" said the pig.

But the little red hen and her chicks ate the loaf of bread.

THE FOX ON THE HILL

I

Once there was a hungry fox.

There were some hungry chickens, too.

The chickens were feeding at the bottom of a hill.

They never looked up.

The fox was on the top of the hill.

He was looking down.

He saw the chickens.

The chickens did not see the fox.

The fox said: "I should like a chicken for my dinner.

My little ones would like one, too."

Then the fox thought and thought.

And this is what he thought:

"How can I get a chicken?

If I go down the hill, the chickens will see me.

Then they will all run away.

They will make a great noise, too.

Then the dog will come."

And the fox thought and thought and thought.

II

When the fox had done thinking, this is what he did:

He pushed a stone down the hill.

It rolled near the chickens.

They all ran away.

They made a great noise.

The dog came, running and barking, but he did not see the fox.

The dog went back to the house.

The chickens went back to their feeding place.

They went on eating.

They forgot all about the stone.

By and by, the fox pushed another stone down the hill.

The chickens ran away. They made a great noise.

The dog came running and barking, but he did not see the fox.

The dog went back. The chickens came again.

Another stone came down the hill.

The chickens did not run this time.

They did not mind the stones.

III

"Now is my time!" said the fox.

He curled up like a wheel and rolled down the hill.

The chickens thought he was another stone.

The first stone had not hurt them.

The second stone had not hurt them.

They did not think this stone would hurt them.

They went on feeding.

The fox stopped near them.

He kept very still, like a stone.

The chickens were moving about.

They were eating in the grass.

They did not look at the stone.

They did not know it was a fox.

By and by, the stone began to move.

But the chickens were not looking at it.

One chicken came close to the stone.

The stone jumped upon the chicken.

Then the other chickens saw that the stone was a fox.

They all ran away.

They made a great noise.

The dog came running and barking.

But the fox was gone.

The chicken was gone with him.

The little foxes had chicken for dinner.

THE OWL

Of all the queer birds
I ever did see,
The owl is the queerest
By far to me.

For all day long
She sits on a tree,
And when the night comes,
Away flies she.

TEDDY BEAR'S RIDE

The children had all gone to bed. The playroom was very still.

Teddy Bear sat up.

"Now is my time," said he.

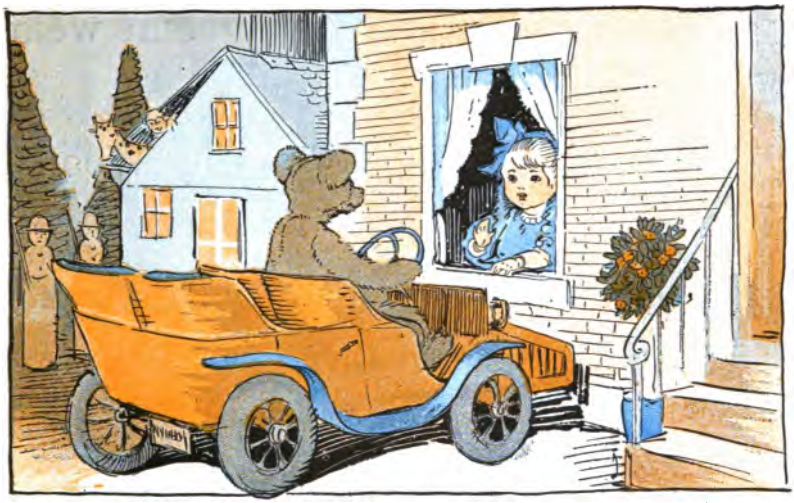
All day Teddy had been watching Tom play with his new automobile.

He knew that he could run it himself.

"Now that the children are all in bed, I will go for a ride," said he.

"I will ask Flossie to go, too."

So he went over to the doll's house.



Flossie, the big doll, was sitting by the window.

"I have come to take you for a ride," said Teddy.

"Oh, won't that be nice!" said Flossie.

Soon they were in the automobile.

Teddy blew the horn.

Honk-honk! Honk-honk!

Away around the playroom went Teddy and Flossie.

They almost ran into the Woolly Lamb.

"Baa-baa!" said the Woolly Lamb.

The little brown dog came running up.

"Bow-wow!" said he.

"Look out! Look out! I will run over you," called Teddy.

The Jack-in-the-box heard the noise and pushed up the top of his box.

"Here, here! Stop! stop! You are going too fast."

Flossie was holding on to her hat.

"Don't you think we are going a little too fast?" she said.

"Oh, no! I can go much faster than this," said Teddy.

Just then a wheel came off.

Bang! The automobile ran into the doll's house.

Poor Flossie flew head first through the window, and bumped her pretty nose.

Teddy Bear went tumbling over and over in the air.

Then he fell right on top of the little brown dog.

"Bow-wow!" said the little brown dog.

And he bit Teddy's leg so that the sawdust ran out.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Jack-in-the-box. "What a funny way to stop!"

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

I

Once upon a time a little girl lived in a little house with her mother.

The mother made a red riding hood and cloak for her.

So they all called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother said,

"I want you to take some butter and a cake to your grandmother.

She will be glad to see you."

"Yes, Mother," said Red Riding Hood.

She put the cake and the butter in a basket. Then she set off for her grandmother's house.

II

As she went along she met some woodcutters.

"Good morning, Red Riding Hood," said they.

"Good morning," said the little girl.

In a little while she met a wolf.

She did not know how wicked he was, so she was not frightened.

"Good morning," said the Wolf.

"Good morning," said the little girl.

"Where are you going today?"

"I am going to see my grandmother.

I have a basket of food for her."

"Where does she live?" asked the wicked Wolf.

"On the other side of the woods," said Red Riding Hood.

"I will go to see her some day," said the Wolf.

Then he thought, "If the woodcutters were not so near, I would eat you now."

The Wolf walked along beside her.

"See the pretty flowers," he said.

"Why don't you gather some for your grandmother?"

"Grandmother will be glad to have some," thought Red Riding Hood.

So she stopped to gather them.

III

But the Wolf did not stop.

He went on to the grandmother's house.

He knocked at the door.

No one came.

He knocked three times.

But no one said, "Come in."

So he opened the door, and went in.

There was no one in the house.

The grandmother had gone out to get some sticks for the fire.

IV

When Red Riding Hood came to her grandmother's house, she, too, knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" asked the Wolf. His voice was big.

"Poor grandmother must have a very bad cold," thought the little girl.

Then she said, "It is I, Little Red Riding Hood.

I have a cake and some butter for you. May I come in?"

"Yes," said the Wolf.

So Little Red Riding Hood went in.

She put her basket down.

She took off her hood and coat, and went over to the bed.

"Oh, Grandmother," she said, "what great eyes you have!"

"All the better to see you," said the Wolf.

"Oh, Grandmother," she said, "what great teeth you have!"

"All the better to eat you up," said the Wolf.

He jumped out of bed and was going to eat her up. Just then the woodcutters came along.

One of them ran into the house and killed the wicked wolf.

Little Red Riding Hood never stopped to talk to a wolf again.

THE FOOLISH FARMER

One day a farmer found that one of his geese had laid a golden egg.

He was so glad that he gave her a fine nest and the best of everything to eat.

Every day she laid a golden egg.

This made the farmer very glad. But after some time he said, "I want to be rich. I will get all the gold at once."

So he killed the poor goose.

But he found no gold.

"Oh!" he cried, "I have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs."

THE LITTLE PINE TREE

A little pine tree grew in the woods.

It had needles that were green all the time.

But it was not happy.

"I should like to have leaves of gold," it said. "Then how happy I should be!"

The next day the needles were all gone, and in place of them there were leaves of gold.

"How fine!" said the tree.

"No other tree in all the world is as fine as I am."

After a time a man came into the woods.

"What fine gold leaves!" said he. "I will take them all."

So he went up to the tree and pulled off all the leaves, one by one.

Then the poor little tree was bare.

"Ah!" said the tree. "It is not well to have gold leaves.

"I should like to have leaves of glass. They would be just as pretty, and no one would take them."

The next morning there stood the tree full of glass leaves.

"How fine they are!" said the little tree.

"Now I am happy."

But just then the wind began to blow.

All the leaves fell off one after another.

The wind blew them all away.

"Ah!" said the little tree,

"Leaves of gold and leaves of glass are pretty, but they do not last.

I should like to have green leaves like the other trees."

The next morning there stood the little pine tree covered with green leaves.

"After all," said the little tree, "green leaves are best. Now I am like the other trees."

A hungry goat came by.

"How good those green leaves look!" said he, and began eating them.

Soon they were all gone, and the little tree was bare again.

"Ah!" said the little tree,

"Gold leaves and glass leaves are pretty. Green leaves are good for other trees. But my needles are best for me. How I should like to have them back again!"

Next morning there stood the little pine tree covered with green needles. It was very happy to have them back again.

When it told the story to a big oak, the oak said,

"You must have been asleep and dreamed it all."

THE THREE BEARS

I

Once upon a time, there were three bears who lived in a house in the woods.

One was a Great Big Bear, one was a Middle-Sized Bear, and one was a Little Wee Bear.

Each bear had a dish for his porridge.

The Great Big Bear had a great big dish.

The Middle-Sized Bear had a middle-sized dish, and the Little Wee Bear had a little wee dish.

Each had a chair to sit in and a bed to lie on.

One morning the Middle-Sized Bear made some nice porridge.

It was hot. So she put it into the porridge dishes.

Then they all went out for a walk, to give it time to get cold.

II

They left the door open.

While they were gone a little girl named Golden Hair came to the house.

First she looked in at the window.

Then she peeped in at the door.

She saw no one in the house so she walked in.

She was very glad when she saw the porridge.

First she took a taste of the porridge of the Great Big Bear, but it was too hot.

Then she took a taste of the porridge of the Middle-Sized Bear, but that was too cold.

Then she took a taste of the porridge of the Little Wee Bear.

That was just right, and she liked it so well that she ate it all up.

Then she sat down in the chair of the Great Big Bear, but that was too hard.

So she sat down in the chair of the Middle-Sized Bear, but that was too soft.

Then she sat down in the chair of the Little Wee Bear.

That was just right.

She sat in it till the bottom of the chair came out.

Then Little Golden Hair felt sleepy.

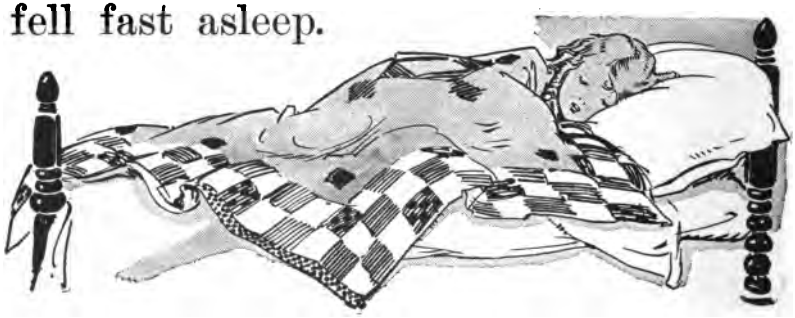
So she went upstairs.

First she lay down on the bed of the Great Big Bear, but that was too high for her.

Then she lay down on the bed of the Middle-Sized Bear, but that was too low for her.

So she lay down on the bed of the Little Wee Bear, and that was just right.

She covered herself up, and then fell fast asleep.



III

By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool, so they came home to breakfast.

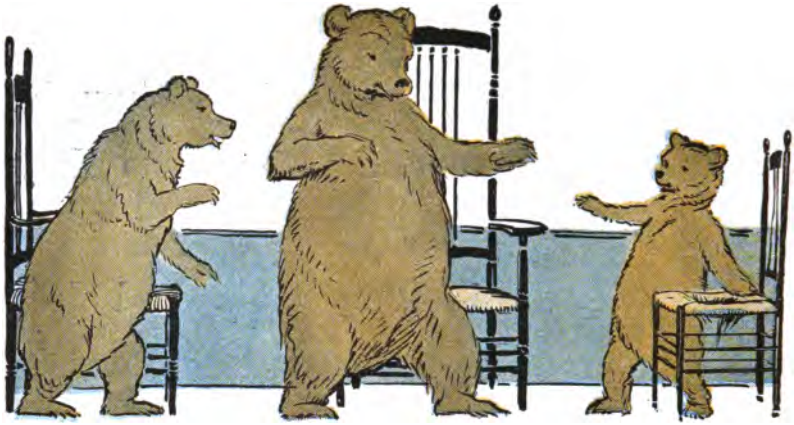
Now little Golden Hair had left the spoon of the Great Big Bear in his porridge.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE!" said the Great Big Bear in his great big voice.

When the Middle-Sized Bear looked at her dish she saw that the spoon was in it, too.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE!" said the Middle-Sized Bear, in her middle-sized voice.

Then the Little Wee Bear looked



at his dish, and there was the spoon in it, but the porridge was all gone.

"*Someone has been eating my porridge, and has eaten it all up!*" said the Little Wee Bear, in his little wee voice.

Then the Three Bears began to look about them. "SOMEONE HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the Great Big Bear, in his great big voice.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the Middle-Sized Bear, in her middle-sized voice.

"*Someone has been sitting in my chair and has sat the bottom out of it!*" said the Little Wee Bear, in his little wee voice.

IV

The Three Bears ran upstairs.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!" said the Great Big Bear, in his great big voice.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!" said the Middle-Sized Bear, in her middle-sized voice.

Then the Little Wee Bear came to look at his bed.

There upon the pillow was little Golden Hair's pretty head.

"*Someone has been lying in my bed —and here she is!*" said the Little Wee Bear, in his little wee voice.

Little Golden Hair had heard the great big voice of the Great Big Bear, but she was fast asleep.

She had heard the middle-sized voice of the Middle-Sized Bear, but it was only like someone speaking in a dream.

But when she heard the little wee voice of the Little Wee Bear, she sat up wide awake.

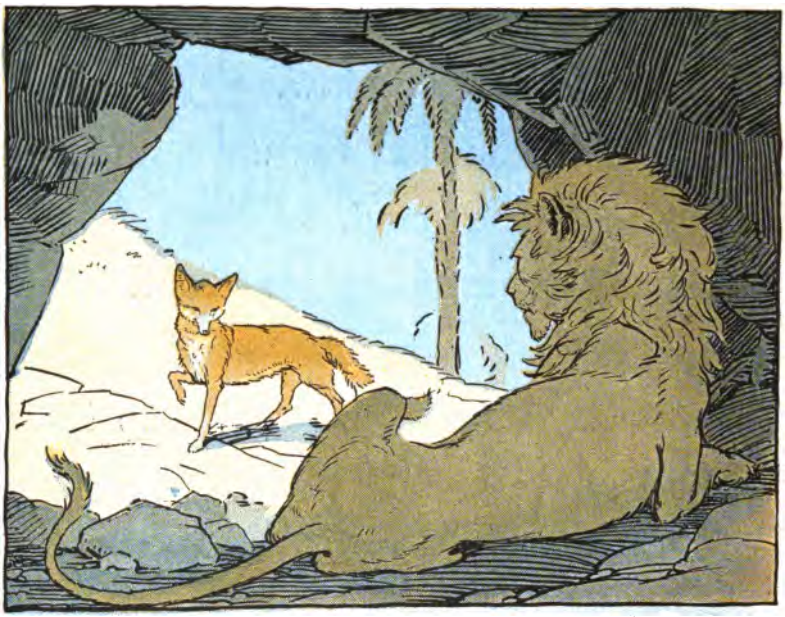
V

When she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she gave a cry.

Then she jumped out on the other side, and ran to the window.

Now the window was open, and not far from the ground.

Little Golden Hair jumped out. Then away she ran into the wood, before the Three Bears could make up their minds what to do.



THE OLD LION

There was once a Lion who was very old. He could not go for food for himself, so he did not get enough to keep him alive.

At last he said, "I will keep still in my den, and say I am sick."

Soon the other animals came to see him. But as soon as they came near him he ate them up.

One day a Fox came along.

"How are you, to-day?" he said; but he did not go near the Lion's den.

"I am very sick," said the Lion. "Please come in. I like to see my friends."

"Thank you," said the Fox, "but I think I will not go in."

"Why not?" asked the Lion.

"Because all foot-marks point to your den, but none point away from it," said the Fox. Then he went away.

The old Lion did not have the Fox that day for dinner.

THE MULBERRY BUSH

Here we go round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush,
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
So early Monday morning.

This is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes,
This is the way we wash our clothes,
So early Monday morning.

This is the way we iron our clothes,
Iron our clothes,
Iron our clothes,
This is the way we iron our clothes,
So early Tuesday morning.

This is the way we mend our clothes,
Mend our clothes,
Mend our clothes,
This is the way we mend our clothes,
So early Wednesday morning.

This is the way we bake our bread,
Bake our bread,
Bake our bread,
This is the way we bake our bread,
So early Thursday morning.

This is the way we sweep the room,
Sweep the room,
Sweep the room,
This is the way we sweep the room,
So early Friday morning.

This is the way we scrub the floor,
Scrub the floor,
Scrub the floor,
This is the way we scrub the floor,
So early Saturday morning.

This is the way we go to church,
Go to church,
Go to church,
This is the way we go to church,
So early Sunday morning.

THE SNOWMAN AND THE DOG

The Snowman
The Dog

Scene I

The Dog: Well, where did you come from? What is your name?

Snowman: Not so fast, my friend, not so fast.

I am a snowman.

Dick and Tom made me this evening.

They call me Jack, but my name is Snowman.

May I ask who you are?

The Dog: Yes, I am the dog that minds this place.

Now tell me why you stand there so still.

You know I can't have you here.

You will have to move on.

Snowman: I wish I could, but you see I can't. The boys put me here, and here I am going to stay.

The Dog: Bow-wow!

Snowman: Don't bark at me. I am not going away.

The Dog: I did not bark at you. I barked at the moon. She is as bad as you are. She stands on one side of me, and you on the other. And you both stare and stare.

Snowman: Well, I am going to stand here and stare as long as I can. And nothing will make me go away. I like this cold air. It is fine!

The Dog: So nothing will make you go. Well, we shall see.

Snowman: Ha, ha! we shall see.

Scene II

Next Day

Snowman: Good-morning, my good friend, I am still here, you see.

The Dog: Yes, but you will not be here long. Wait till the hot sun comes up. He will make you run fast enough.

Snowman: The sun! What is he?

The Dog: You will soon see. Here he is now.

Snowman: Isn't it warm! Why, I really do begin to feel sick. Dear me, my arms are dripping off. I'm growing smaller and smaller. But I don't want to go away. Won't you help me?

The Dog: Ha, ha! I thought nothing could make you go. You will soon be running away as fast as you can go. But you won't stare at me to-night.

Good-bye, old Snowman, I will tell the boys how you ran away. If you come this way again you must come to see me.

THE LADY-BIRD AND THE FLY

A lady-bird and a fly once kept house together.

One day the lady-bird was cooking breakfast. She fell into the fire and burnt her wing. So the fly began to cry. The little door of the room said, "Why do you cry?"

"Because the lady-bird has burnt her wing," said the fly.

The door began to creak. "Why do you creak?" said the broom. The door said,

"Lady-bird is burnt,
And little fly weeps."

The broom began to sweep the floor as fast as it could. A little cart went by the door.

"Why are you sweeping so hard, broom?" said the cart. The broom said,

"Lady-bird is burnt,
Little fly weeps,
Little door creaks,
Little broom sweeps."

The cart began to run. "Why are you running so?" said the ash-heap.

The cart said,

"Lady-bird is burnt,
Little fly weeps,
Little door creaks,
Little broom sweeps,
Little cart runs."

The ash-heap began to burn.

"Why do you burn?" said a tree that was near.

"I must burn," said the ash-heap,

"For lady-bird is burnt,
And little fly weeps,
Little door creaks,
Little broom sweeps,
And little cart runs."

"Then I will rustle," said the tree. And it shook till the leaves fell off.

Some of the leaves fell into the brook. "Why do you rustle?" said the brook.

The tree said,

"Lady-bird is burnt,
Little fly weeps,
Little door creaks,
Little broom sweeps,
Little cart runs,
And little fire burns."

"Little fire shall not burn," said the brook. "I will show you what to do."

The brook flowed over, and put out the fire.

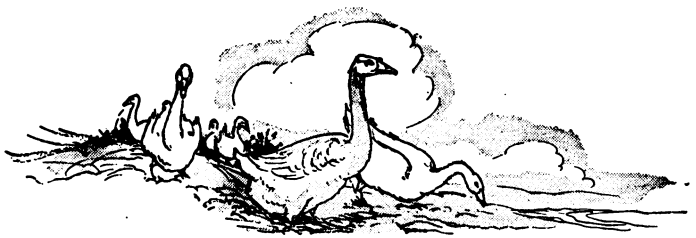
The cart saw it and stopped.

The broom went to the corner, and stood there.

The door closed.

The fly stopped crying.

And the lady-bird went on cooking.



THE FOOLISH YOUNG GEESE

There were once some geese at the farm, and most of them were young. They would talk, talk, talk, all the day long.

"What a fine place! what a fine place!" they said. "I'm a goose! I'm a goose! Here's a worm! here's a worm!"

"Where? where?" said the other geese.

"Here! Here! No, it's not a worm. I'm a goose! I'm a goose!"

That was the way the geese went on all day, and all of them at once.

"I wish you would be still!" said a wise old goose. "Don't you know that the fox lives in the woods? Why do you tell him that there are fat geese so near?"

But no one would mind what the wise old goose said. The noise went on all day.

One day the fox heard them. He stole along the path by the trees.

He got very near. He caught a goose, and ran off with her to his home on the hill, and ate her up.

"There!" said the wise old goose. "I told you so!"

HANSEL AND GRETEL

Hansel,	Mother,
Gretel,	Father,
Witch,	Children.

Scene I

At the house of Hansel and Gretel

Mother: I am going out, children. You must have all your work done when I come back.

Hansel and Gretel: Yes, indeed, we will, mother.

(*Mother goes out.*)

Hansel: I wish I had some candy. I am tired of eating nothing but bread.

Gretel: Never mind, Hansel, I will tell you something.

Hansel: What is it?

Gretel: I know where mother put the milk. Look, here it is!

Hansel: Hurrah! Let's drink it.

Gretel: Leave the milk alone, Hansel. There, you have spilled it. Now, what will mother say?

Hansel: Well, we can't help it now. Let us run out into the fields.

Gretel: But we have work to do.

Hansel: Oh, we will be back in time for that!

(*Children go out. Mother comes back.*)

Mother: Where are you, children? No

work done and my milk spilled. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Now I can't make a pudding. What shall I do?

(*Mother weeps. Father comes in.*)

Father: Well, well. What is the matter?

Mother: I am hungry and there is nothing to eat in the house. I had some milk to make a pudding, but the children have spilled it.

Father: Never mind, just look in my basket. How do you like that?

Mother: Oh, oh! Eggs and butter, flour and tea! Where did you get them?

Father: I sold brooms enough to buy them. Hurry now and cook them. I am very hungry.

Mother: I wish the children were here.

Father: Some one told me he saw them going off to the mountain.

Mother: The mountain! The wicked witch will get them. Oh, my poor children!

Father: Don't cry. We will go after them. We shall find them.

Mother: My poor children!

Scene II

On the mountain

Gretel: I'm going home. It's growing dark, and mother will miss us.

Hansel: Here are some more berries. Don't go yet. We have time enough.

Gretel: No, Hansel, it will soon be too dark to find the way.

Hansel: Oh, you are frightened! Well, let us go, then. Oh, Gretel, it is so dark! I cannot see the way. We are lost.

Gretel: Who is that coming?

(*Sandman comes in.*)

Sandman: Sleep, sleep,
Happy dreams,
Slumber sweet,
Sleep, sleep.

Hansel: I am falling asleep.

Gretel: So am I. I can't keep my eyes open.

(*They fall asleep.*)

Scene III

On the mountain next morning

Hansel: Wake up, Gretel!

Gretel: Where am I?

Hansel: Come, we must go home. What will mother think?

Gretel: Oh, I know she will scold us!

Hansel: Well, here is a path. It goes to that little house. Why! it is made of candy.

Gretel: Candy!

A Voice in the House: Who's there?

Hansel: What's that?

Gretel: I didn't hear anything.

Hansel: It must have been the wind.

Gretel: I am going to have some of that candy. Oh, how good it is!

Hansel: Look at the funny fence, Gretel. It is made of gingerbread. It looks like a row of boys and girls.

Gretel: I wonder who lives here?

(*Witch comes out and takes Hansel and Gretel by the hand.*)

Hansel: Let go of me.

Gretel: Let me go. I want to go home.

Witch: Come, children. See what a nice house I have. It is full of candy. You may eat all you want.

Hansel: Thank you, we are not hungry now. We must go home to our mother.

Witch: You must come with me now, little Gretel. We will leave Hansel here.

Hansel: What are you going to do with me?

Witch: I am going to get you nice and fat, little Hansel. You are too lean. I will get you some sugar plums. Wait here till I come back.

Holus, polus,
Polus, holus,
Now you can't move.

(*Witch goes out.*)

Scene IV

Hansel: I am afraid the witch is going to kill us.

(*Witch comes in.*)

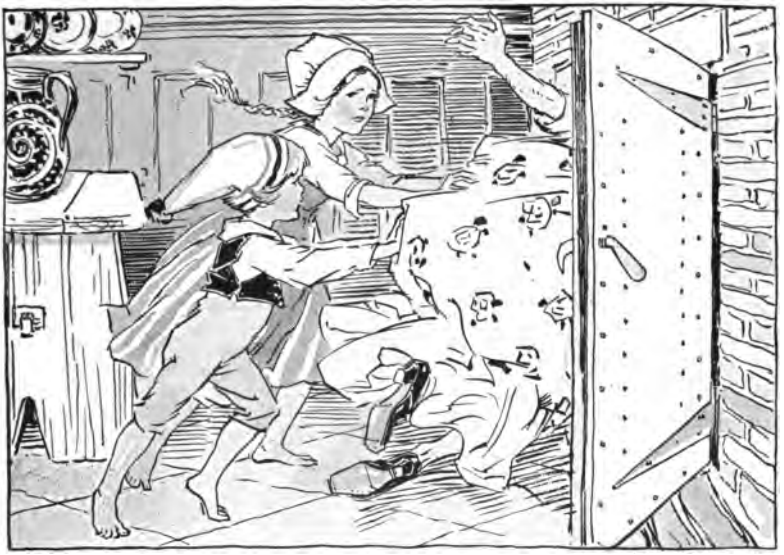
Witch: Now, Hansel, eat this plum. You will soon be fat, and then I shall come for you. Come, Gretel, I want you.

Hansel: Please, Mrs. Witch, let me go with Gretel.

Witch: Not yet. Wait till you are fatter. Now let me see how my fire is. Just right! The oven is just hot enough. I will put Gretel in when I take out my cake.

Gretel: What a nice big oven!

Witch: Yes, open the door.



Gretel: I can't open it.

Witch: It is easy enough.

(*Witch opens the door. Hansel and Gretel push her into the oven and shut the door.*)

Both: Hurrah, hurrah!
The witch is gone;
The oven is shut,
And we must run.

Hansel: Gretel, look! The fence is moving. It is made of real boys and girls, but their eyes are shut.

Gretel: Wake up, wake up! You are asleep.

Children: Touch us and our eyes will open.

Hansel and Gretel (touching the children):

Holus, polus,
Polus, holus.

(*Children open their eyes and run to Hansel and Gretel.*)

Children: Thank you, thank you!
We are free,
Let us sing
And dance with glee.

Gretel: Hansel, I wonder if mother and father are as happy as we are now?

Hansel: I am afraid they are not. Let us go home. But, look! Here they are.

(*They run to their father and mother.*)

Mother: My dear children! You are saved from the wicked witch.

Father: Come, let us all go home. These children shall go with us, too. How glad we shall all be today!

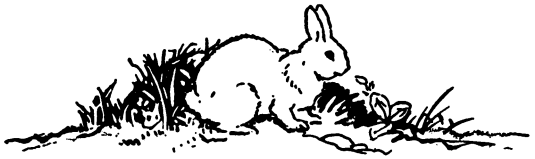
THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside.

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown.
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



HOW PETER RABBIT RAN AWAY

I

Peter Rabbit had run away.

A short time before, he had left his mother and his brothers and sisters eating clover in the Big Field.

"I will just run down through the woods, and look around a little," he said to himself.

He felt very grown up as he hopped along all alone.

"I am really a big rabbit now," he said.

"Hello, Peter Rabbit!" Peter looked all around, but he could not see any one.

"Peter Rabbit, Hello!" said the voice again.

Then Peter saw who had called.

Billy Bushtail, the squirrel, was sitting in a tree over his head.

"Hello, Billy!" said Peter.

"Where are you going?" asked Billy.

"Just out for a walk."

"Look out for Farmer Brown's boy. He is in the woods today with a gun," said Billy.

Peter felt a little afraid. He didn't know much about guns. To be sure his father and mother had told him what dreadful things they were. But he did not want Billy Bushtail to know that he was afraid, so he said,

"Who cares for Farmer Brown's boy?"

"Better look out," said Billy.

"Thank you, I will," called Peter, and he hopped off along the path.

Peter had not gone very far when Johnny Caw, the big crow, called out to him.

"Peter Rabbit, you had better look out for Farmer Brown's boy. He is in the woods with a gun."

By this time Peter felt very brave indeed. So he called back, "I shall be all right, Johnny." Then, like the silly little rabbit he was, he forgot all about Farmer Brown's boy and the gun.

II

For some time Peter had great fun. He ran races with himself along the path. It was a nice place to run, because the ground was all covered with soft pine-needles.

When he got hungry he ate some clover on the side of the hill. Then he went down to the brook, and had a nice cool drink.

After a while it grew very warm, and Peter began to get sleepy.

All at once he heard a noise. What could it be? He raised his head, and looked all around.

Oh, oh! there was Farmer Brown's boy!

Peter jumped. How he did jump!

Bang! went the farmer boy's gun. Peter felt a sharp sting in his side. Then he ran and ran and ran.

He never stopped running till he came to his home on the other side of the Big Field.

There were his mother and his brothers and sisters asleep in the sun. They all awoke when Peter ran up.

"What is the matter?" asked Mother Rabbit.

But Peter could not say anything. He fell down panting on the ground. His pretty brown coat was torn, and his side was very sore.

Mother Rabbit licked the torn places with her tongue.

"You are not much hurt this time, Peter," said she, "but you had better not go off by yourself again until you are a big rabbit."

And Peter never did.

R. H. Bowles.

HOW THE BEAR LOST HIS TAIL

It was winter. The ground was white with snow, and the brook was covered with ice.

A hungry fox came from under a rock. He did not know where he was to get his dinner.

He saw a man coming. The man was pulling a sled with some fish on it.

"How I should like to have some fish!" said the fox.

Then he thought of a plan. He ran through the woods to a place that the man had to pass. Then he lay down on the ground and closed his eyes.

Soon the man came along.

He saw the fox lying on the ground.

"Ah!" said he. "There is a dead fox. I will carry him home."

So he threw the fox on the sled and went along.

For some time the fox lay very still. Then he took three big fish in his mouth and rolled off into the snow. When the man had gone along, the fox jumped up and ran into the woods.

Soon he met a wolf.

"Where did you get those fish?" asked the wolf.

The fox told him.

"I will try the same plan," said the wolf. So he ran off and lay down in a place that the man had to pass.

But this time the man was not to be fooled. When he came to the wolf he beat him until he was glad to run away.

All this time the fox was eating his fish near the brook. While he was still eating, a big bear came along.

"Brother Fox, where did you get those fish?" said he.

"I will play a trick on him," said the

fox to himself. So he said, "I caught them with my tail in the brook. The fish were hungry and bit it. Then I pulled them out."

"What a fine plan!" said the bear. "I will try it, too." And he set off for the brook.

The ice was hard, but at last he made a hole. Then he put his tail down into the water.

Oh, how cold the water was!

The bear waited and waited. It grew colder and colder. But no fish came.

"I will take a walk to warm myself," said the bear.

He tried to get up. He pulled and pulled. His tail was frozen in the ice.

Snap! over he fell on the ice. He got up and looked around. There was his tail still sticking in the ice.

"Oh, well, who cares?" said he. And he ran off to his den in the woods.

That is how the bear lost his tail.

WHY THE SEA IS SALT

I

Once on a time there were two brothers. One was rich and the other was poor.

On Christmas day the poor man had nothing to eat. So he went to his brother and asked for food.

"If you will go to the house of the goblins," said the rich brother, "I will give you some meat."

The poor man promised to go, so the rich man gave him a piece of meat.

The poor brother set off to find the house of the goblins. He walked and walked until night. At last he saw a bright light.

"This may be the place," thought he. So he stopped at the door. An old man stood there cutting sticks for the Christmas fire.

"Good evening," said the man with the meat. "Do the goblins live here?"

"Yes," said the old man.

"But if you go in with the meat, they will all want it. Tell them to give you the little mill behind the door.

"Then throw the meat to them, and run out with the mill. I will show you how to use it!"

When the poor man knocked at the door, a big goblin opened it. Then all the goblins wanted the meat. But the man would not let them have it.

"Give me the little mill behind the door," said he, "and I will give you the meat."

At first they would not. But they were very hungry, so at last they all cried, "Yes! Yes!"

"Here is the meat," said the man, and he threw it down on the floor.

Then he ran out with the mill, and the old man showed him how to use it.

When he got home his wife asked, "Where have you been?"

"Oh, I have been where I have been!" said he.

"What did you get for dinner?" said she.

"Oh, you shall see what you shall see!" said the man. And he put the mill upon the table.

Then he said to the mill, "Grind us something to eat." "Whir-r-r-r," went the mill. And out came all kinds of good things.

"Hocus pocus, stop!" said the man, for that was the way to stop the mill. Soon they were eating a fine dinner.

II

Every day the mill did what the man told it to do.

One day they gave a big dinner.

All the neighbors came, and the rich brother with them.

Now when the rich brother saw such fine food, he was very angry.

"Where did you get these things?" said he.

"Oh," said the poor brother, "they came from behind the door!"

But he was proud of the mill. So by and by he took it out, and made it grind.

Then the rich man wanted it. At first his brother would not give it to him, but at last he said: "You may have the mill for three thousand dollars."

"All right," said the rich brother. So he paid the money, and went off with the mill.

When the rich man got home, he called his wife.

"I will stay at home and get the dinner today, and you may go out."

"Very well," said she, "get ready some soup and fish."

"All right," said the rich man. When he was alone he got out the mill.

"Grind soup and fish!" said he.

"Whir-r-r," went the mill, and out came soup and fish.

"Stop, mill!" called the rich man. But that was not the way to stop it. So it ground on.

Soon all the dishes were full, then the room was full, then the whole

house. Soup ran out of the door, and fish flopped out of the windows.

The rich man ran out of the house. He saw his wife coming.

"Wife, wife!" he cried. "Call the neighbors, then drink as fast as you can. For we shall all be drowned in soup."

The wife and all the neighbors sat down by the river of soup, and drank and drank. But still out ran the soup, and out flopped the fish!

Then the rich man ran to his brother. "Quick, quick!" he called. "Run and stop your mill. We shall all be drowned in soup!"

III

Now, the poor brother sat smoking his pipe.

"What is this about soup?" said he. "Won't the mill stop? Well, go home and stop it yourself. It is your mill now."

"Oh," said the rich man, "I will pay you to take it away!"

"How much?" said the poor man, still smoking his pipe.

"A thousand dollars."

Up jumped the poor man, and ran to his brother's house. Then he waded through soup to the mill.

"Hocus pocus, stop!" he whispered. The mill stopped.

So the poor man had the money and the mill, too.

Time went by. The mill ground and ground for the poor man.

At last he could think of nothing more for it to grind. So he put it away.

One day a merchant came to town to see the mill.

"Can it grind salt?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed!" said the owner. So he took out the mill and said, "Grind salt!" Out came salt. Then, "Hocus pocus, stop!" he whispered.

"Will you sell me the mill?" asked the merchant.

"Yes, for ten thousand dollars."

"You shall have it," said the merchant. So he paid the money, and went to his ship.

The next morning the merchant set sail. When he was far from land, he took out the mill.

"Grind salt!" said he. "Whir-r-r," went the mill, and out came the salt. Soon all the bags were full, then all

the boxes, and then all the baskets.

"Stop!" cried the merchant. But it did not stop. He did not know that he must say, "Hocus pocus."

On ground the mill, "Whir-r-r, whir-r-r." More and more salt came out. Lower and lower sank the ship.

The merchant was frightened. He thought the ship would go to the bottom. So he caught up the mill, and threw it into the sea.

Down, down, it sank to the bottom, grinding and grinding. Some say it is grinding still. If you do not believe it, go and taste the water in the sea.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I.
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

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